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day-time; it was so mysterious in there when men, especially such as the head forester, were outside. And the father thought that his Heinerle might be more right than the forester, for he was a rough man. By the time they were at the verse "Wide-spread both little wings," they had reached home, and in the night the father related to the mother what the Forester and Heinerle had said, and now they each bethought them that the old nurse was not entirely wrong, that out of Heinerle some good might come, although he was no arithmetician. And for a long time they pondered that in their hearts.

(To be continued.)

"DER BÜCHERBUND."

BY ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

XIII.

DEVELOPMENT OF GERMAN HYMN.

AS writers of hymns, Luther and his contemporaries* were not without successors. *Sterbelieder*, *Tröstlieder*, *Hauslieder*,† besides, of course, *Kirchenlieder* and *geistliche Lieder*,‡ were poured forth in the century that followed that of the Reformation. *Opitz*, of the First Silesian School,§ elaborated the hymn as he elaborated everything else. Here are two stanzas from his long paraphrase of Psalm civ. :||—

Nun schau, o, Mensch, hinauf und über dich, Nach dem, was nicht den Augen zeigt sich, Was niemand kann beschliessen in den Schranken Der Sterblichkeit und flüchtigen Gedanken.	Now look, O man, above and over thee, And see what with thine eyes thou canst not see, What none can comprehend outside that portal That shuts out Heaven from foolish, erring mortal.
Vollbringst du das, mein Herz, und du, mein Sinn, Und legst die Last der Erden von dir hin, Sagst ab dem Leib, in dem du bist gefangen, So wird Gott dich, und du wirst Gott erlangen.	If that thou do, my heart, my soul, this day, And all earth's burden at thy feet but lay, Renounce the flesh which thou hast let enchain thee, Thou God indeed wilt gain, and God will gain thee.

* Vide "Bücherbund," xii.

† Dirges, Consolation-songs, Songs for the Home.

‡ Church Hymns and Sacred Songs.

§ To be treated of in the next "Bücherbund" paper.

|| The translation is here mine, as everywhere when no acknowledgment is made.

This is not heart-stirring; to use a German idiom, "it leaves one cold." It is what *Opitz* would have called *deutsche Poeterey*, and it is nothing else. One can imagine the Silesian pedant's delight in the long smooth lines, in the skilful transition from the strong rimes to the weak, in the terseness of the last lines.

Very different is the note in *Paul Fleming's*—

In allen meinen Thaten	My God is still beside me,
Lass' ich den Höchsten rathen!	In all I do to guide me.

Paul Fleming died, too young, in 1640. He was a physician and an ardent admirer of *Opitz*, whose death he bewails in ludicrous hyperboles. Here is a line from his sonnet on "Master Martin Opitz of Boberfeld his Death"—*Du Pindar, du Homer, du Maro unsrer Zeiten!* (Thou of our times the Pindar, the Homer, and the Maro!).

This is indeed damning with loud praise.

In the same decade with *Paul Fleming* died *Johann Heermann* and *Martin Rinkart*, both of them pastors. By the former is the tender hymn, beginning *Herzliebster Jesu, was hast du verbrochen?* (Ah, dearest Jesu, how hast thou then sinn'd?), by the latter the German's *Te Deum Laudamus*.

Nun danket Alle Gott	Now thank we all our God,
Mit Herzen, Mund und Händen,	With heart, and hands and voices,
Der grosse Dinge thut	Who wondrous things hath done,
An uns und allen Enden.	In whom His world rejoices!"†

Weckerlin, of whom the jeer ran—

Der Wäckerlin süngt mit,	Our Weckerlin sings too,
So vihl als ihm vergönnt!	As well just as he can!

was among the hymnists, and *Gryphius*, the dramatist, and a layman, has a fine hymn on the theme *Vanitas*. Here are two stanzas from it:—

Die Herrlichkeit der Erden	O, ye who praise earth's splendours,
Muss Rauch und Asche werden,	All is but smoke and cinders,
Kein Fels, kein Erz kan stehn:	No rock, no brass shall stay:
Dies was uns kan ergetzen,	Be ye not too confiding,
Was wir für ewig schätzen,	What so ye deem abiding
Wird als ein lichter Traum vergehn.	Will as a vision pass away.

* *Herrn Martin Opitzens auff Boberfeld sein Ableben.*

† From "Hymns Ancient and Modern." The translation is by Catherine Winkworth.

Wir rechnen Jahr auff Jahre,
Indessen wird die Bahre
Uns für die Thür gebracht:
Drauff müssen wir von hinnen,
Und eh' wir uns besinnen,
Der Erden sagen gute Nacht.

Year after year we reckon,
Whilst death doth grimly beckon
And summon us away:
To far-off realms us leading,
Our questions nowise heeding,
Good-night to earth he bids us say.

This poem, like all the shorter poems by *Gryphius*, is tinged with deep melancholy. The author of the comedies of *Horribilicribrifax* and *Peter Squenz* gave to the world a book of poems, having the woful title *Kirchhofgedanken* (Churchyard Thoughts).

Christian Keymann, a pastor of the little Saxon town of *Zittau*, is remembered as the author of the spirited hymn *Meinen Jesum lass' ich nicht* (My Lord Jesus, I'll not leave). *Rist*, a pastor of *Holstein*, who died in the same decade with *Keymann* and *Gryphius*, revived the martial note of Luther in his stirring chant on eternity, beginning—

O, Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort,	Eternity, thou thunder-word,
O, Schwert, das durch die Seele	My soul thou piercest like a sword!
bohrt!	

In the following decade fall the last years of *Heinrich Albert*, author of the fine *Kirchenlied*, which opens—

Einen guten Kampf hab' ich	I have fought a battle brave,
Auf der Welt gekämpft!	Whilst on earth I sojourn'd!

Contemporary with *Albert* were *Justus Gesenius*, a high church dignitary of *Hanover*; and *Johann Frank*, burgomaster of *Guben*,* lovingly remembered as the author of those tender hymns: *Jesu, meine Freude* (Jesu, Thou my joy art), *Schmücke dich, O, liebe Seele* (Deck thee now, dear soul, oh, deck thee!), and *Albinus*, pastor of *Naumburg*,† whose hymn, *Alle Menschen müssen sterben* (Die must all men, that remember), is very beautiful. Over all these, however, towers, by head and heart, *Paul Gerhardt*, the prince of Germany's hymnists. Born in 1607, *Gerhardt* lived to the age of sixty. He was for a time deacon of the church of *St. Nicholas* at *Berlin*, but was suspended, owing to his refusing to join the Protestant Union. We hear of him afterwards as pastor of *Lübben*, a town on the

* A little town in North Germany, not very far from *Frankfort-on-the-Oder*.

† Old town on the *Saale*, not very far from *Weimar*.

Spree, where he died. It will suffice to name the opening lines of some of his songs, all of which are well known: *Befiehl du deine Wege* (Commend thy paths, O Christian), *Ich singe dir mit Herz und Mund* (I sing to Thee with heart and lips), *Ein Lämmlein geht und trägt die Schuld* (A Lamb now goes and bears the blame), *Ich bin ein Gast auf Erden* (I am a guest on earth here), *Nun ruhen alle Wälder* (Now slumber all the forests), *Ich erhebe, Herr, zu dir* (I uplift, O Lord, to Thee), *Geh' aus, mein Herz, und suche Freud* (Go forth, my heart, and seek for joy), *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden* (O, bleeding head and wounded).^{*} To these may be added the quaint pretty songs: *Nicht so traurig, nicht so sehr* (Not so sad be, not so sad), *Geduld ist euch von Nöten* ('Tis patience that is needful). The Germany that lost *Gerhardt* still possessed for a few years *Georg Neumark*, the librarian of Weimar, the opening line of whose best hymn—*Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten* (Whoso but lets our dear God manage)—has passed into a proverb in Neumark's country, and *Kaspar von Lohenstein*, a better statesman, one dares to hope, than poet. Among *Lohenstein's* poems, which were sent forth into the world as "flowers," "roses," "hyacinths," "tears," some of the best are called *geistliche Gedanken* (Spiritual Thoughts). *Canitz* and *Rodigast* both belong to the closing years of this century. The last named saw the dawn of the eighteenth century. *Canitz* (*cum titulis plenissimus*, to speak with Peter Squenz, *Friedrich Rudolf Ludwig Freiherr † von Canitz*) died as privy counsellor at Berlin. Two of his "spiritual songs" were for a long time favourites with the German people—those beginning *Unser Heiland ist gebunden* (Our Redeemer, lo, is bounden), and *Wenn Blut und Lüste schäumen* (When foam the blood and passions).[‡] Perhaps, however, the lines by him best remembered are two which occur in his lament for the death of his first wife, and which have passed into German speech.

Was für Wellen und für Flammen,
Schlagen über mir zusammen!

Waves and fire I see before me;
Help, O, help! they're closing o'er
me!

^{*} This hymn on the Passion will be found in our "Hymns Ancient and Modern," in a translation by the Reverend Sir Henry Baker, who translated from the Latin. Initial line: "O, sacred head, surrounded."

[†] Baron.

[‡] "Ercles' vein" indeed—"lofty." No words better describe the work and style of the baronial poet.

Samuel Rodigast, pastor and schoolmaster of Berlin, has a hymn with the pretty opening line—*Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan* (What God does, surely is well done). Other writers of hymns, belonging to the seventeenth century, are *Gottfried Arnold*, whose piety lacks sincerity; *Adam Drese*, too fond of quaint conceits, as shown in his *Seelenbräutigam* (Bridegroom of the Soul); *Michael Dilherr*, apt to be artificial and shallow; *Matthäus Apelles von Löwenstern*, grandiloquent as his name; and *Christian Knorr von Rosenroth*, delighting in most singular and choice epithets. Besides these, there is a duke among the hymnists,^{*} there are two countesses,[†] and there is a princess.[‡] These three ladies wrote charmingly, but high above them must be ranked the Electress of Brandenburg, wife of the Great Elector, and writer of those matchless songs, *Jesus, meine Zuversicht* (Jesus, Thou my only hope), *Ich will von meiner Missethat zum Herren mich bekehren* (I from my sin will turn away, to Thee will turn, Lord Jesus).

Two Roman Catholic hymnists of note belonging to this century must not be passed over—*Friedrich von Spee*, the kind Jesuit who died in consequence of excessive zeal in tending the sick and wounded after the assault of *Trier* by the Spaniards in 1635, and *Johann Scheffler*, of *Breslau*, first medical man, then preacher; first Protestant, then Romanist. Both *Spee* and *Scheffler* were true poets, as is shown by the former in his *Trutz-Nachtigall* ('Spite Nightingale §), and by the latter in his hymns and maxims. Here are two thoughts by *Scheffler* on the Rose.

Die Ros' ist ohn Warum;
Sie blühet, weil sie blühet,
Sie acht nicht ihrer selbst,
Fragt nicht, ob man sie siehet.

The Rose is without "why";
She blows because she bloweth.
She asks no passer-by
To heed her as he goeth.

Die Rose, welche hier
Dein äusseres Auge sieht,
Die hat von Ewigkeit
In Gott also geblüht.

The Rose which here you see
With outer eye alone;
From all eternity
In God Himself has grown.

Theosophy, pantheism, this, say modern Germans. Be that

^{*} *Anton Ulrich* of Brunswick.

[†] *Emilie Juliane* of Schwarzburg Rudolstadt, and *Ludämilie Elisabeth* of Schwarzburg.

[‡] *Anna Sophie* of Hesse Darmstadt.

§ Idea underlying this name—I will sing in spite of the nightingales.

as it may, certain it is that these mystical quatrains have much beauty in them, and are more worthy of the name of poetry than the word-tangle on "roses three"* which lovers of our Browning's mysticism admire. A Silesian by birth, *Scheffler*, took to himself the not particularly modest but very pretty name of *Angelus Silesius*. Many of his hymns have become popular with Protestants, as, indeed, hymns by other Roman Catholics have found their way into the Protestant hymn-book of Germany, some of the finest of this country's so-called *evangelische Lieder* being adaptations of old Roman Catholic songs. An instance of this is *Rist's O, Ewigkeit!* mentioned above.

The eighteenth century was not so rich in hymns as were the two preceding centuries. To the first half of it belongs *Gellert*, a writer of the highest importance, of whom more hereafter. Of his hymns it has been truly said that, while they have neither the strength of *Luther's* nor the sweetness of *Gerhardt's*, they are among the best products of the time to which they belong, a time of growing scepticism and flippancy. Some of the pithy initial lines have come to be household words with German folk, such lines as *Mein erst Gefühl sei Preis und Dank* (Be my first feeling praise and thanks), *Wie gross ist des Allmächtigen Güte* (How great is the Almighty's goodness), *Jesus lebt, mit ihm auch ich* (Jesus lives; with Him live I). Among the hymn-writers of this century is also *Friedrich Hardenberg*, better known by his pseudonym of *Novalis*, from whom Carlyle quotes the words—"There is but one Temple in the Universe, and that is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than that high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human body." *Das treue Herz* (The Faithful Heart) is the best known hymn by *Novalis*. The following is the first stanza of it:—

Wenn Alle untreu werden,
So bleib' ich dir doch treu;
Dass Dankbarkeit auf Erden
Nicht ausgestorben sei.

Though faithless be all others,
I faithful will abide;
Lest any of my brothers
Say gratitude have died.

Klopstock, who died in 1803, two years after *Novalis*, was not so much writer of hymns as of odes. His lines on the Resurrection, beginning:

* "Women and Roses."

Auferstehn wirst du,
Mein Staub, nach kurzer Ruh!

Rise again thou must,
Short rest thou'lt have, my dust!

were set to music by *Karl Heinrich Graun*,* a composer of his own time. Of the other poets, who, with *Klopstock*, formed that grand sestet in the eighteenth century, one only wrote hymns. We look for these in vain in the works of *Wieland* the worldly, of *Lessing* the witty, of *Herder* the sententious, of *Schiller* the Greek. Not so in the works of *Goethe*. Here we find hymns of singular beauty; let the reader only call to mind the one sung by Margaret. The strange, reckless poet, *Schubart*, best known by his *Kaplied* (Song of the Cape), written and set to music for the Wirtembergian troops despatched to Africa in 1787,† in his last years wrote only sacred poetry.

First in time among the writers of hymns in the nineteenth century were the brothers *Stolberg* and the poet *Schenkendorff*. The *Stolbergs* belonged to the so-called *Göttinger Hainbund*.‡ The younger of the two, *Count Friedrich Leopold*, went over to Roman Catholicism, thereby enraging his good friend, *Voss*. The latter was unkind and unjust to the count, whose piety was unfeigned, and whose poetry still bears reading. As a sample of it I give the stanza which closes his poem called *Das Grab* (The Grave).

Uns sammelt Alle, klein und gross,
Die Mutter Erd' in ihrem Schoss!
O, sähn wir ihr ins Angesicht,
Wir scheuten ihren Busen nicht.

Come to my lap, both big and small!
Thus daily Mother Earth doth call.
O, saw we but her face anear,
Her bosom we should never fear.

The pretty children's hymn, *Christ ein Schäfer* (I am the Good Shepherd) beginning: *Seht ihr auf den grünen Fluren jenen holden Schäfer ziehn?* (See ye o'er the grassy meadows yon fair Shepherd take His way?)—suggested by an old picture—is by *Max von Schenkendorff*, who died in 1817, and is best known as poet-champion of the so-called *Freiheitskriege*, waged by German hotheads in the early part of this century. This hymn, as sung to a slow folk-melody, is one of the loveliest things in song.§ The famous hymn by *Falk*, on the three high

* The words with Graun's setting will be found in the *Liederbuch des Deutschen Volkes* (Leipzig: Breitkopf).

† Initial line: *Auf, auf, Ihr Brüder, und seid stark!* (Up, up, ye brothers, and be strong!)

‡ To be dealt with later on.

§ Vide *Liederbuch des Deutschen Volkes* (Breitkopf).

festivals (Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide) is another instance of beautiful words set to beautiful music.*

First stanza :

O, du fröhliche, O, du selige, Gnadenbringende Weihnachtszeit ! Welt ging verloren, Christ ist geboren, Freue dich, freue dich, O, Christen- heit !	O, thou bountiful, O, thou beautiful, Blessed Christmas, once more thou'rt come. All was forlorn here, Christ then was born here, Glad thee, gladden thee, O, Christen- dom.
---	---

A good philanthropist was *Johann Falk*. He died in 1826, after having founded a home for destitute boys.

The young warrior poet, *Körner*, too, must be mentioned among the hymnists. Perhaps no poem by him will live longer than his thrilling *Vater, ich rufe dich* (Father, I cry to Thee!), which was set to excellent music by *Friedrich Heinrich Himmel*, the Berlin *Kapellmeister*, who outlived the poet by only two years. In very strange places do we find German hymns. Two will be found in *Weber's* opera of the *Freischütz*, the libretto of which was written by *Friedrich Kind*, no mean poet. Lovers of good words, twinned with good melodies, will remember the Bridal Prayer, which begins :

Und ob die Wolke sie verhülle, Die Sonne bleibt am Himmelszelt !	And tho', mayhap, the cloud should hide it, The sun remains in Heaven's vault.
---	--

More beautiful still is the untranslatable :

I.	2.
Leise, leise, Fromme Weise, Schwing' dich auf zum Sternen- kreise ! Lied erschalle, Feiernd walle Mein Gebet zur Himmelshalle.	Zu dir wende Ich die Hände, Herr ohn' Anfang und ohn' Ende. Vor Gefahren Uns zu wahren, Sende deine Engelscharen !

By Cardinal *Melchior von Diepenbrock*, who died in 1853, is the pretty prayer sent up at night by Germany's little children of all Christian creeds, [for the wise Cardinal let no taint of dogma touch the words.

* Vide *Liederbuch*.

Müde bin ich, geh' zur Ruh,
Schliesse beide Aeuglein zu ;
Vater, lass die Augen dein
Ueber meinem Bette sein.

I am tired, I will sleep,
Peer not, little eyes, nor peep !
Father, let Thine eyes of love
All night rest my bed above.

Hab' ich Unrecht heut' gethan,
Sieh' es, lieber Gott, nicht an !
Deine Gnad' und Jesu Blut
Macht ja allen Schaden gut.

If ought wrong I did to-day,
Count it not, dear God, I pray.
Thy kind grace and Jesus' blood
Makes, thou knowest it, all good.

Alle, die mir sind verwandt,
Herr, lass ruhn in deiner Hand.
Alle Menschen gross und klein
Sollen dir befohlen sein.

Be my dear ones' slumber blest,
In Thy hand, Lord, let them rest ;
And the others, big and small,
Be to Thee commended all.

Kranken Herzen sende Ruh',
Nasse Augen schliesse zu ;
Lass den Mond am Himmel stehn
Und die stille Welt besehn !

To sick hearts do Thou send sleep,
Close Thou, Father, eyes that weep ;
Let the moon from Heaven's height
Watch the stilly world all night.

Carl Reinecke's setting of these words is well known in England.* *Philip Spitta*, the preacher, who died in 1859, deserves mention as the author of a collection of hymns called *Psalter und Harfe*. *Joseph von Eichendorff*,† one of the heartiest—and healthiest—of the poets of the Romantic School, wrote a *Morgengebet* (Morning Prayer) which matches well the quiet tender music to which it is sung in Germany. It begins—

O, wunderbares tiefes Schweigen,
Wie einsam ist's noch auf der Welt !
Die Wälder nur sich leise neigen,
Als ging der Herr durch's stille
Feld.‡

O, silence the day-dawn attending,
No sound of labour nor of mirth !
The forest-tops are softly bending,
As though the Lord went through
the earth.

As contemporaries of *Spitta* may be mentioned *Emanuel Fröhlich* and *Victor Strauss*, both of whom wrote hymns, as did greater poets than they—*Uhland*, *Rückert*.§ *Uhland's* is the *Schäfers Sonntagslied*, which I give entire :—

Das ist der Tag des Herrn !
Ich bin allein auf weiter Flur,
Noch eine Morgenglocke nur ;
Nun Stille nah und fern.

The Lord's Day 'tis to-day !
I am alone abroad, I see,
A far-off bell's sound comes to me,
Across my quiet way.

* Vide *Liederbuch*.

† He died in 1857

‡ Vide *Liederbuch*.

§ *Uhland* died in 1862, *Rückert* in 1866. Both are well known in England owing to their ballad poetry.

Anbetend knie' ich hier,
O, süßes Graun, geheimes Wehn!
Als knieten viele ungesehn,
Und beteten mit mir.

Der Himmel nah und fern,
Er ist so klar und feierlich,
So ganz als wollt' er öffnen sich;
Das ist der Tag des Herrn!

I pray on bended knee,
O, sweetest awe, what joy I feel!
A many surely with me kneel
And, unseen, pray with me.

To Heaven my eyes do stray,
How solemn 'tis, how strangely
bright,
As though 'twould open to the sight;
The Lord's Day 'tis to-day!

By Rückert is the *Adventslied* which opens:—

Dein König kommt in niedern Hül-
len,
Sanftmüthig, auf der Es'lin Füllen,
Empfang ihn froh, Jerusalem!
Trag' ihm entgegen Friedenszweige,
Bestreu mit Maien seine Steige,
So ist's dem Herren angenehm.

In lowly garb thy King comes riding,
The Lord an ass's foal bestriding;
Jerusalem, thy gates wide fling!
Peace-branches on his pathway strow
ye,
Before Him with Spring flowers go
ye,
So do, 'twill please our Lord, the
King.

It is touching to meet with *Arndt*, the old patriot, among the hymnists. His is the pretty *Engel und Lilien*,* in which the mother bequeathes her child to God's keeping in the night. Even *Heine* becomes a hymnist to the little children of Germany, who learn his quaint stanzas, *Die heiligen drei Könige* (The Holy Three Kings), and say them solemnly.

Writers of German hymns who belong to our own time are *Karl von Gerok*, the *Stuttgart* preacher, not long dead, whose sacred poetry is beautiful and strong, and *Julius Sturm*, good pastor and good poet, by whom are the pretty stanzas on the greeting *Gott grüsse dich*, a greeting very common in South Germany, where it is contracted into *Grüßs' Gott*."

Gott grüsse dich!—Kein anderer
Gruss
Gleicht dem an Innigkeit.
Gott grüsse dich!—Kein anderer
Gruss
Passt so zu jeder Zeit.

God greet thee, friend!—No other
words
So tender man can say.
God greet thee, friend!—No other
words
Befit more every day.

* First line: *Schlafe, Kindlein, hold und süß.* (Sleep, my baby, fair and sweet.)

Gott grüsse dich!—Wenn dieser
Gruss
So recht von Herzen geht,
Gilt bei dem lieben Gott der Gruss,
So viel als ein Gebet.

God greet thee, friend! If but those
words
Go from a heart of love,
A prayer and nothing less they are
To our dear God above.

Again, the late *Victor von Scheffel*, the darling poet of Germany's students, showed in his *Bergpsalmen* that he, too, could write sacred poetry of the best. A pretty short poem of his is the little thing, half hymn, half home-sickness, headed *Im Lager von Akkon*, 1190 (In the Camp of Acco, 1190), in which the supposed singer is a Thuringian crusader. The poet *Felix Dahn*, still living, has a hymn in praise of God called *Abendstunde* (Eventide), in which he tells us that we are to keep holy the hour of evening, as "the Sabbath of each week-day"—a thought that is worthy of Wordsworth.

Haltet heilig die Abendstunde,
Sie ist der Sabbat an Wochentagen. . . .

Other living poets have written hymns. He who has read all the songs of *Mirza Schaffy** cannot have failed to notice that even among these the hymn is not absent. In face of such facts, it seems hardly necessary to fear that the last of Germany's sacred songs has been given to the world, and that the poetry of the country of Luther will henceforth be exclusively profane. How much we owe to Germany's hymnists of all times, but especially to the early ones, both poets and musicians, no student of that English compilation "Hymns Ancient and Modern" can have failed to notice. More than twelve of the finest hymns in it are translated from the German, and more than thrice that number of the tunes are German.

Questions for Club Students.

(First Class Paper.)

1. Translate closing paragraph above, beginning "Writers of German hymns."
2. Comment on the words *Kan, ergetzen, als, für, Erden* (in Gryphius' *Vanitas* hymn).

* Pseudonym of the poet *Bodenstedt*, the German Hafiz.

(Second Class Paper.)

Write an essay on the German child's hymn (*miide bin ich*) and compare with it your favourite English child's hymn.

Book of interest:—

The German Lutheran Church Hymn-book. (Here recommended from the *literary* point.)

(Honour Papers.)

Miss Gates, Miss Margaret Lloyd, Miss Mary Lloyd, Miss Maud Lloyd.

BOOKS.

"En hoexkens ende boexkens."

LIST OF HISTORICAL NOVELS CHRONOLOGICALLY
ARRANGED.

REMARKS.		
Greece.		
	The Old Love and the New . . .	Sir E. Creasy
	Pausanias	Lord Lytton
	Heroic Tales of Ancient Greece	Niebuhr
	Stories of Greek Tragedians . .	Church
	Stories from Homer	Church
	Three Greek Children	
	Heroes	Charles Kingsley
	Tales of Ancient Greece . . .	G. W. Cox
	Zoroaster	M. Crawford
Byzantium	Blue and Green	Pottinger
Charlemagne	Passe Rise	Hardy
Anglo-Saxon	The Count of the Saxon Shore .	Church
943-946	The Little Duke	Yonge
Anglo-Saxon	Harold	Lytton
Egypt	The Cit of Bubastis	Henty
Rome.		
	Prussias	Eckstein
	Quintus Claudius	"
	Nero	"
	Masters of the World	M. Hoppus
	Nocera	Graham
	Attila	James
	Victory of Vanquished	Auth. of "Schon- berg-GothaFam.
	2000 Years Ago ; or, The Adven- tures of a Roman Boy	Rev.A.G. Church
Claudius	Gospel in Cæsar's Household .	Mrs. Webb
5th century	Rienzi	Lord Lytton
	Homo Sum	Ebers
	Roman Life, time of Cicero . .	Church
	The Young Carthaginians . .	Henty
	Stories from Livy	} Church
	Stories from Virgil	
	Lucretia	Bulwer Lytton